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THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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HATRED AND FEAR OF CONSTABULARY

Pennsylvania Strikers Awed by Mounted Band.

CURB ALIEN TROUBLEMAKERS

Ten of the Troopers Enough to Control 100 Men—Force Organized After Great Sums Had Been Spent in Calling Out Militia of the State—Like the Texas Rangers.

Pittsburg, July 31.—When the Pennsylvania State constabulary was called out recently to quell the strike troubles it was not the first time Pittsburg's quiet had been restored by these men whom the labor agitators hate. In other times of trouble dispatches from the coal fields have contained the stereotyped story, usually beginning, "A riot broke out here," and ending, "Quiet was restored when the constabulary appeared."

In any other State, probably, the word constable calls to mind a rural person with a thin beard, a wide-brimmed straw hat, a linen duster, and a nickel shield pinned on his chest. The Pennsylvania constable is different. He was created to take the place of the militia in handling strikes.

It is a permanent force of mounted men, this constabulary—four troops, of 2 officers, 5 sergeants, and 150 men each, every man chosen for his physical build, discretion, fearlessness, and ability to tame men. Eight out of ten have seen military service, and most of them were noncommissioned officers before they left the army. They resemble the Canadian mounted police and the Texas Rangers more than anything else, although the organization itself was built largely on the lines of the Irish constabulary.

Leadership of Groome.

Every trooper can ride and shoot and give a good account of himself in a rough-and-tumble fight, besides. But these talents, while they count in a pinch, do not establish a morale in the force. The secret of that is the realization of one-man strength, the power of quiet confidence, and a belief in the effect of the uniform. Capt. John C. Groome, State superintendent, who recruited, organized, and equipped the constabulary, has taken as his standard for measuring the strength of a mob: "Each mounted trooper is good for a hundred men."

The four troops are distributed over the State so as to cover the coal and iron mines, numbering more than a hundred. The Reading troop is ready to answer day alarms from this vicinity, the Wilkesbarre troop guards the country further north, and the Greensburg and Punxsutawney troops are watching the central and western fields. Fifty men watch each scene of trouble, covering a radius of thirty miles.

Before 1905 Pennsylvania relied largely upon its National Guard to awe the turbulent factions that gather around the coal mines in time of strike. Two thousand armed men to one troublesome town was the militia's ratio for pacification. By the ethics of the constabulary, a sergeant and ten men are expected to handle such a district. The mounted constable enforces the law very much as did the sheriffs in those strenuous years when the West was young. He must be absolutely fearless. If he shows the white feather once his usefulness is ended and the force has no place for him.

"My instructions to each trooper," said Capt. Groome, when he was asked about the organization of his men, "leave a lot to his discretion. If he starts out to get his man, he must get him if he has to butt into the middle of a mob to find him. The troopers are counseled not to use their guns unless they have to."

Eleven Men to Five Hundred.

At the Cornwall ore banks early in 1906, 500 foreigners became angry because they could no persuade the men keeping the fires to quit work. The assaulted several inoffensive workmen and chased the sheriff's deputies. The sheriff telephoned for aid. "Send your whole force of constabulary," he urged. "These rioters are desperate!"

A sergeant and ten men of the new force were dispatched on the run. There was no time to get the horses entrained, and the detail went whirling to the scene of trouble in a caboose and engine. No sooner had they arrived than the smallest man in the bunch forced his way bodily into a crowd of angry aliens and grabbed a big foreigner who had "pulled a gun." The prisoner showed fight, and his friends offered to help him. The trooper swung his stick just once, the big fellow dropped, and the crowd ran like sheep.

At Yatesville, in the same year, twelve troopers dispersed a mob of 700, and went through a tough settlement on a hunt for firearms, bringing out a small-sized arsenal after the inhabitants had pleaded they were "good citizens" and had no guns. The houses raided had sheltered "pot shooters" who for several nights had kept up a desultory fire on the windows and doors of the colliery a few hundred yards away, at the foot of the hill.

Mob Ordered to Disperse.

At the Franklin colliery, also near Wilkesbarre, strikers dispersed a guard of deputy sheriffs and clubbed and knifed a few workmen who had been taking coal from a culm bank to keep up steam for the engines that pumped water from the mines. This was according to the agreement between operators and miners. The mob, however, beat the employes severely and started out to wreck the colliery, when a small detail of mounted constabulary arrived. It was just about dusk. The sergeant asked the men to disperse and they refused. He told them they would get hurt if they didn't, and they jeered at him. The sheriff pointed out two ringleaders, and the sergeant asked them to step out and give themselves up. This request also was refused.

"Tell them I'm going to take them," said the sergeant to the interpreter, "and all those who want to have their heads crushed will please stay right where they are."

Then the mounted men rode in, and the long locust sticks were laid right and left. The mob tried to run, but it could not get away from the horses. Franklin colliery has not forgotten the sight. When the troopers rode back to their barracks they had two badly damaged prisoners handcuffed. Several more were taken the next day.

At Winber, down in the southwestern part of the State, ugly feeling between the miners and the deputy sheriffs culminated in a shooting, in which three miners were killed outright and a ten-year-old boy was fatally wounded as he was looking on. The shooting was at the jail, in the course of an attempt to rescue several men who had been arrested. The sheriff lost no time in telegraphing for the constabulary. Greensburg barracks were nearest to the scene of trouble, and two sergeants and twenty men with horses were loaded aboard a special train and started for Winber about 10 o'clock at night.

Curbing Foreign Workmen.

Ordinarily this is a run of four hours, but a wreck on the line held the constabulary until daybreak, and it was not until 7 o'clock that they detrained. Without breakfast, the troops went right to work, serving the sheriff's warrants, making arrests, and seeking concealed rifles, shotguns, and stilettoes. They were compelled to enter strange houses, grope in the dark, and run the risk of a knife thrust when and where they least expected it.

Through their interpreter the sullen foreigners were told that the State insisted upon law and order, and that the mounted troopers would see that law and order was maintained. The detail then divided into pairs and started to patrol the town. The men had two days and two nights of continuous duty before they could get any rest.

The constabulary is uniformed in dark gray whipcord, with black puttees and dark gray helmets. The blouse is much like the blouse of the field service uniform of the regular army, and for fatigue duty the troopers wear a dark gray cap, also shaped like those of the army. The combination has a neat, soldierly appearance, and is not without dignity. For winter there is a roomy great coat of the same color, covering both the wearer's legs and the pommel and cantle of his saddle. For storms in summer the rubber cavalry cape is provided. The horses are supplied by the State, as well as the uniforms. Most of the mounts come from the West. If they are not as trim and sleek as those of our mounted police, they probably are of greater endurance. The country which they have to travel is stiffer, and rocks and thorns more common than shade trees and macadam roads.

It is not to be wondered that this duty is attracting the best noncommissioned officers of the regular army. The work is more exciting, the men have a chance for more initiative, and they are paid quite handsomely. A private of constabulary receives $720 a year, his horse, uniform, and a house to live in. The regular gets less than $170 a year and his food, clothes, and care. But the mess account at a constabulary barracks is not usually an extravagance. It runs about $10 a month for each man, and as he advances in promotion his pay increases accordingly. A sergeant receives $1,000 a year, a lieutenant $1,200, and captains $1,500. No married men are accepted.

Two Years' Enlistment.

Terms of enlistment are for two years, unless sooner discharged for cause, and with the long waiting list at headquarters the troopers have to lead rather exemplary lives to hold their positions. When Capt. Groome began the examinations of men to enlist a force of 232 he had more than 1,000 applications.

The country which the constabulary patrols is not as wild as Texas or the Northwest Territory, but there are parts of Pennsylvania which, to say the least, are obscure. The constabulary to some extent superseded the coal and iron police, paid and directed by private corporations. Experience had taught Pennsylvania that the alien element needed something more formidable than either sheriff or militia, to impress mischief makers with the authority of the law. Therefore, upon the combination of policeman's club and helmet, soldier's uniform and gun, with a real fighting man inside, who can at times use discretion, Pennsylvania now relies to solve a vexatious problem.

Texas, when it first put the famous Rangers in the field, was confronted with a similar situation. These riders owned their own mounts and received $40 a month, with arms and ammunition, from the State. It was the life, not the pay, that attracted men. Like the mounted police of Canada, they chased outlaws, road agents, Indians, and cattle thieves, settled land disputes, made Texas orderly, and gained the respect of every class of the lawless and criminal. They stayed in the saddle for hours at a stretch, rode miles upon miles of dreary wastes, but never failed to get what they started for, and accomplished their purpose without noise or bluster.

In place of hot sun and freezing blizzards which the Rangers and Canada's mounted police have to face, Pennsylvania's constabulary must ride dangerous hill and mountain roads in fogs and darkness, bitter cold winter weather, and deep snow. There probably is not a more treacherous country east of the Mississippi than these same mountain districts of Pennsylvania.

Not for Private Interests.

Impressions have gone out that the constabulary is a creation of the State for the sole protection of the property of the big coal operators. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The constabulary is a venture in economy, and labor trouble was only one of the causes that brought about its organization. The Pennsylvania legislature, it is true, became tired of providing for the payment of its National Guard when on strike duty. It costs much money to keep even one regiment in the field for a single week. Several regiments have been necessary every time Pennsylvania has resorted to martial law, and the bills that resulted seemed a wicked extravagance to Pennsylvania Dutch economy.

Gov. Pennypacker was largely responsible for the bill which created the constabulary, but the measure was popular enough with the members to go through without any question, and they appropriated more than $400,000, to be used at the discretion of the superintendent in raising the new force. In fact, so willing were they to let the govenor lift the troublesome State police business off their hands that they took little pains with the bill itself, and consequently the law as entered on the statute book is not the strongest one in the world. It had enough weak spots to tempt the United Mine Workers of America to test its provisions in the court. Resolutions also were passed demanding the repeal of the law by the legislature.

Apparently, however, the troublemakers in the mining districts now see in the mounted force a new and important factor in the outcome of labor movements. Therefore, they do not wish it to iterfere whenever they start a demonstration. But besides troublesome people in the coal and iron and manufacturing fields, Pennsylvania has other bad men abroad, and these have a faculty of operating through the country districts out of range of the city police. Yeggmen, horse thieves, game poachers, and highwaymen—all ply their trade in this State. The constabulary pursues these fellows just as hard as the rioters among the coal and iron employes.

She Declines.

"He keeps telling me that his heart is shattered."

"Maybe he expects you to put it together again."

"Well, I never was good at these jigsaw puzzles."

His Excuse.

The Maid—Well, George, did you ask papa's consent to-day?

The Youth—N-no.

The Maid—Why not?

The Youth—I tried to ask him, but his telephone was out of order.

ELLIS ON TRUST BUSTING

Assistant to the Attorney General Discusses Personal, Political, and Sociological Matters.

By JAMES B. MORROW.

The diagnosis was not embodied in an official bulletin to the country, but Mr. Taft, as every one knows, found the trusts feverish and irritable; also badly frightened. Isolated instances of hysterics gave the epidemic a curious phase.

The febrifuge of Mr. Taft's artless smile and the sedative of his reassuring presence have halted the disease, and all the patients are now cheerful, if not talkative, in their rapid convalescence. However, the fact that Wade H. Ellis has been called to sit among the doctors gives ground for the suspicion that the President fears the services of a skilled and vigorous surgeon will yet be necessary. Still, Ellis may be no more than a reasonable precaution—a loaded gun behind the kitchen door, to change the illustration.

Surgeon or gun, Mr. Ellis comes from Ohio with a formidable and famous reputation. Other men have done less injury to the trusts and become governors. Ellis, however, lived among dramatic and masterful personalities—John Sherman, McKinley, Hanna, and Foraker—and the newspapers were much occupied with them. Then death and so on changed the traditions and the lineal descent of Ohio politics. All the glories of the State are now centered, therefore, in Taft. With his regime, yet to be tested, appears Ellis, released from old obligations and hindrances, having a history of achievements that include a peculiar chapter on J. Pierpont Morgan and another on Deacon John D. Rockefeller.

As Writer of Platform.

When Taft, humanly sure of the nomination, wanted a platform, he sent for Ellis, who is a writer, as well as a ready retributor among wealthy malefactors. There were several prolonged and private conferences at the White House. Col. Roosevelt marched the room in the physical energy and the audible vigor of his various opinions. Plenty of planks and beams—he was to stand on them and to run on them—were suggested by Taft himself. Ellis took notes on scraps of paper. At a hotel down the Potomac he made the scraps into a coherent document. There were verbal changes, but the 1908 platform of the Republican party, altogether, in a literary sense and in many of its most important declarations, was the finished work of Taft's young friend and lieutenant from Cincinnati.

It is true that Wickersham is Attorney General, but Ellis is the next highest authority in the law department of the government. Furthermore, all matters bearing on trusts have been put into his management. Nationally, he is a potential character—certain monopolists even may say that he is a dire and portentous character. Personally, he is a stirring story of diligence, disaster, and victory. Of medium stature, he has an athletic figure, light brown hair, large gray eyes, and the short, blunt nose of a fluent talker or a willing fighter. He was born in Covington, across the river from Cincinnati.

How He Started Out.

"My father," he said to me, "was a lawyer, an officeholder, and, until 1896, an active and persistent Democrat. He owned more real estate than was profitable, and had a large family of sons and daughters. During one vacation, feeling that I ought to work, I was a sample boy on the tobacco brakes in Cincinnati at $6 a week.

"While attending the high school I started 'The Students' Lamp,' which was sold for 50 cents a year to subscribers, and for which we obtained a good many advertisements. About that time I began to operate in poetry. At the age of fifteen I saw a Breton or Dutch painting of Henry Mosler's at an exposition. I wrote some verses about the picture, and an editor printed them. My father prevented me from immediately stopping school to be a reporter.

"I went to Butler, Mo., while preparing for college, on a visit to my sister. Her husband, a lawyer, was a candidate for Congress against William Joel Stone—now a United States Senator. I wrote some able arguments in opposition to Stone, and had them printed in one of the local papers. Moreover, when the proprietors of the Republican and Democrat organs were in St. Louis attending an editorial convention, I ran both establishments until the owners returned.

Begins Life as a Reporter.

"I spent six happy and very busy months in Butler and went back to Ohio completely infatuated with the idea of being a journalist. The city editor of the newspaper owned by President Taft's brother sent me to the river for an article about those peculiar specimens of marine architecture known as shanty boats. Steady employment at $5 a week followed. Car fare and luncheons took every cent I earned. I worked like a horse and wrote bushels of stuff. When nothing was left of me but skin and bones, I asked for an increase in salary. The city editor put me on space. I cleaned up $30 the first week. After that I was paid at the rate of $2 a day. I did everything—murders, fires, prayer meetings, and society events.

"By and by—I was twenty years old—somebody started a morning paper, the Cincinnati Sun, and I was employed as city editor. Later I resigned to study law. In 1889 I was graduated from the law department of Washington and Lee University. A man in the class ahead of me had gone to Wheeler, Territory of Dakota, to practice. He wrote and asked me to be his partner, saying that he had been elected prosecuting attorney and painting an altogether pleasing picture. My father thought it was a fool's errand, but he gave me $100. I stopped at Butler to visit my sister and to renew early acquaintances. I thus reduced my cash capital.

"Wheeler, where I arrived with $5, was composed of a frame courthouse, a general store, a bank, and a few dwellings. It was on the edge of an Indian reservation and contained, I suppose, about fifty men, women, and children. Court was held each year in June. I arrived on the scene in September. Nine months in the desert of inaction was rather a dreary prospect to contemplate. My partner and I slept in the jail, which was otherwise unoccupied.

"Our office was in the courthouse and cost us nothing in the way of rent. Men came to play poker on our table and to read our daily newspaper, but they offered us no business. My associate traded some with the Indians, but our partnership did not include his outside operations. At the end of six weeks—I hadn't earned a penny, and was feeling pretty gloomy—I was hired to make a few speeches in the interest of Huron as against Pierre in the matter of a suitable capital for the newly organized State of South Dakota. I hadn't seen Huron, but that made no particular difference; I hadn't seen Pierre, either.

"Somebody said something about Chamberlain and its fine possibilities for persons of my profession. I borrowed a horse and buggy, and drove ninety miles over the prairie, only to find Chamberlain swarming with lawyers as poor in money and a future as myself. On my return to Wheeler I had considerably less than a dollar in my pocket. My partner and I then separated, not in anger, for he is still one of my best friends, but that we might not appear to be ridiculous. Sam Lindley, the banker, met me in the road one morning. I shall always remember Sam with gratitude. With beautiful tact, he said:

"'Ellis, will you do me a personal favor?'

"'If I can,' I replied, realizing my utter helplessness.

"'Well,' Sam said, 'I want to lend you $200 until spring.'

"I didn't accept the money, but I established my office in Sam Lindley's little one-room bank. The carpenter with whom I boarded and was patiently waiting for his pay built me three short shelves for my library, consisting of Dickens, Thackeray, and Burns, and the statutes of South Dakota. Sam gave me a chair. The keeper of the livery stable let me have a school desk that was stored in a corner of his haymow.

Gets His First Case.

"Old 'Mother' Marble lived up the creek on a homestead. She was my first client. Joe Kubel, a Bohemian, owed her some money, and gave her a $20 gold piece. She brought the coin to Sam to learn if it were good. Sam balanced it on his index finger and hit it with his jackknife. In his opinion, the coin was a counterfeit. He so expressed his professional judgment.

"'I hear,' 'Mother' Marble said, in some excitement, 'that there's a new liar in town. I'll go straight to him.'

"Sam proudly introduced us. I sued for $20, omitting all reference in my brief to the counterfeit gold piece. The attorney for Kubel demanded a jury. Kubel said he had paid the debt. We replied that the money so paid was bad. Kubel insisted that it was good. He had secreted it in a bin of oats, and the rust on it proved its genuineness. I called Sam Lindley, the banker, as an expert. Sam declared authoritatively that pure gold never rusted. We heard the jury slam the coin on the floor a good many times. The verdict was for us. Under the statute I was allowed 20 per cent of the sum recovered, besides my fee as an attorney. The justice of the peace turned the coin over to me as an unclaimed exhibit in the case. I sent it to a banker at Sioux Falls, and he sent it to Washington. In the course of a month I received a $20 gold certificate from the Treasury of the United States, with the statement that the coin was perfectly good, but that it had been defectively minted. That was my first fee as a practicing lawyer.

Goes to Kansas City.

"In 1893," Mr. Ellis went on to say, "a friend who had opened a law office in Kansas City asked me to share in his business. I had nothing to lose, except railroad fare, and accepted his invitation. Times, you will recollect, were horribly bad. The financial panic had shut the factories, and the streets were full of idle men. One Saturday night I had only 5 cents to my name. I lived over Sunday on crackers and apples, which I bought at a market where prices late at night were considerably shaded. Sometimes I did a little collecting for a wholesale shoe establishment. A judge occasionally gave me the case of an indigent prisoner. I cleared one colored individual charged with murder and received $25.

"Thoroughly discouraged, I heard the step one afternoon of a man in the hall outside of my desolate little office. Intuitively, I knew that he was hunting a lawyer. I hadn't a penny in the world. It was unprofessional, a violation of the ethics of my calling, but I opened the door and stepped into the hall. The man came right on. Well, he was an actor, and wanted to attach a minstrel show for unpaid salary. He gave me $5, and I went straight into the street and bought a meal ticket and a bag of smoking tobacco. Then I made out the papers.

"A sudden change came into my life about that time. An architect desired to superintend the construction of the new government building at Kansas City. He knew that John G. Carlisle, Secretary of the Treasury, was a friend of my family, I journeyed to Washington at his expense, and he was appointed by telegraph. On my way to the West I stopped at Covington, and saw a young lady who had been much in my mind since boyhood. So I decided to return to Cincinnati, practice my profession, and get married. I was what might have been called an interstate lawyer, and had done business in Ohio, Kentucky, South Dakota, and Missouri.

Editor and Campaigner.

"I wrote some editorial matter for a Cincinnati newspaper and obtained interviews with such men as John Sherman and William McKinley on the political situation. This work I did because there was very little business for a lawyer. During the campaign of 1896 I was editor of the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune. I wrote editorials, made campaign speeches, and kept in touch with the activities of my law office. While assistant city solicitor of Cincinnati I won the friendship of Gov. George Nash, and later of Marcus A. Hanna. At Gov. Nash's request I prepared a municipal code for the cities of Ohio, and it passed the legislature. In 1903 I was elected attorney general of the State and served five years."

"How did you start your war on the trusts?"

"After I became attorney general of Ohio, I felt that it was necessary for me to learn my powers and duties, and to know what had been done by my predecessors. I was reluctant to undertake anything that might appear to be spectacular, insincere, or personal. However, I was required to receive and consider complaints. My first trust case was against the Hocking Valley merger, a J. Pierpont Morgan combination of railways, mining companies, and coal lands amounting to many millions of dollars. In Ohio it is unlawful, with certain exceptions, for one corporation to own or hold the stock of another corporation. I began a suit to dissolve the merger, and recently the courts have rendered decisions which fully sustain the allegations of the State.

Starts Other Suits.

"Then, on complaint, I took action against the Buckeye Pipe Line Company to compel it to carry the oil of independent refiners. Next suits, which are still pending, were brought against several subsidiary corporations to forfeit their charters, on the ground that they were unlawfully permitting their powers to be exercised by the Standard Oil Company. The bridge trust, composed of twenty corporations, sixteen of which were in Ohio, was entirely broken up. By dummy bids and the bribing of public officers, it had robbed the people of millions of dollars. Other combinations, including dealers and makers of plumbers' supplies, cement, groceries, and so on, saw what was coming and quietly resolved themselves back to their original elements."

"You have said that the success of monopoly depends on secrecy."

"It is a fixed habit with the public to help and to sympathize with the under dog," Mr. Ellis answered. "The creators and managers of monopolies understand human nature, and so they conceal themselves within subsidiary companies and behind names that are meaningless to the people. No man who ever lived, no corporation that ever existed, could monopolize under one name the manufacture of any product commonly used by the public. If the Du Ponts, makers of powder, starting with one factory, had built or bought other factories with the profits of the first factory and had boldly painted their own name on all their property as they acquired it, they never would have gained control of the powder business. Competition would have come into the field, and the people would have bought a share of their powder from the other fellow, from the under dog who was putting up a gallant battle. Bogus competitors and bogus competition are absolutely necessary to make monopoly effective. The Standard Oil Company not only understands the laws of trade, but it knows the peculiarities of human nature. Masked behind all sorts of names, it has prospered in regions where its identity would have meant loss and, possibly, disaster.

Aim Is Lower Prices.

"In this connection let me say that the whole effort of the States and of the nation has been to deprive corporations of the power to establish and maintain prices. There is no purpose to prevent consolidations simply because they are consolidations, or to break them up merely to see them go to pieces. Everything that is being done has a single specific object—the effectual hindrance of corporations to fix prices of commodities.

"The power to set an arbitrary price on oil, or iron, or flour, or meat, or powder, or sugar is always a dangerous and often a concealed weapon and should never be given into the hands of any man or group of men. If the ordinary citizen will remember, regardless of the confusion of tongues on the subject, and the legal and technical discussions he reads and hears that the entire effort of the government is to stop corporations from interfering with the natural law of prices, he will know exactly the intent and purpose of every lawsuit against a trust and of every act of legislation bearing upon consolidations."

"Do you refer also to railways?" I asked.

"No," Mr. Ellis replied. "Railways are on a different footing. They are merely public servants, and have no power to control prices. Passenger fares and freight rates are subject to public supervision. In that respect, therefore, a railway is unlike a flour mill, or a refinery, or a slaughter house, the fixing of whose prices is a private and individual function. Furthermore, a railway is compelled to carry any person who has the money with which to pay for a ticket. The Pennsylvania company, for instance, cannot decline to haul a passenger from Washington to New York. A merchant, on the other hand, is within the law if he charges Brown $10 for a pair of shoes, Smith $5 for the very same kind of shoes, and refuses to let Jones have a pair at any price. It follows that a corporation dealing in the necessities of daily life, possessing the power of extortion, of picking and choosing, should be brought under control, and the best energy, skill, and public spirit are required for that essential and patriotic service."

"What action would you suggest?"

"I am not a member of a lawmaking body," Mr. Ellis replied, "but it has seemed to me that Congress could enact a general law forbidding all corporations engaged in interstate commerce to own or to be owned by other corporations similarly engaged. I have made this suggestion on several public occasions and others who have studied the subject have also reached the same conclusion. All of our so-called trusts are organized by means of what is known as the holding company or by means of intercorporate stock ownership. A simple act of Congress forbidding interstate corporations to own the stock of other corporations would dissolve the present form of every combination against trade in America.

"Why shouldn't each corporation attend strictly to its own business? There would be no injustice in that old-fashioned rule; and for the world of business it would mean fair play for everybody."

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THE NATION'S TRUST BUSTER.

HON. WADE H. ELLIS

ORTHOGRAPHIC ECONOMY.

Dissertation Upon Local Monosyllable Nomenclature.

From the St. Louis Republic.

The Republic recently printed a list of 265 names of towns in Missouri that are spelled with four letters or less, according the place of honor to Hy, Oregon County. It inquired "How is that for high?" or at least something to that effect, and challenged the States of the American sisterhood to produce it equal.

The Sun reproduced the list, and answered the challenge by pointing to Ka, Tex., an Ka, Va. A correspondent of the Sun rummaged among the .22-caliber short ammunition contained in the United States Gazetteer and came out with a handful of Al's—one from Alabama, one from Georgia, one from North Carolina, and one from Ohio, and the department of orthographic economy of that excellent paper added Za, Va.; My, Miss., and O. K., Ky., O. K., Miss, and O. K., S. C.

This is excellent, but it by no means exhausts the subject. Kentucky has likewise Oz and Ed. Oklahoma has Ti, and Georgia produces Ty—almost a tie. Ur an Uz are, respectively, in Texas and Virginia. A B C, Tenn. ought certainly to stand at the head of the list rather than the foot; it connotes the beginning of culture.

Some singular facts force themselves upon the attention of the thoughtful in connection with this list. With the solitary exception of Al, Ohio, every one of the eighteen Biblical names is from the American Midi—the land of the cypress, the mint julep and the prohibitory statute. The North will none of the automatic cut off as applied to names of town, with the solitary exception of Ohio, the home of William H. Taft.

What does this suggest? Of the eighteen names, 6—the four Al's, Uz and Ur—are from the Scriptures. Did the namers of towns in the North know that these names were there? The three O. K.'s are, of course, tributes to a legend of Old Hickory; they may be said to have a political flavor. Ka has a Kipling jungle suggestion. Oz suggests comic opera; Ti and Ty savor of tea chest Chinese art. As for Ed, that is a Swedish surname in good and regular standing in Minneapolis, Rock Island and other flourishing Swedish communities. But My—oh, my! what does that stand for?

Of the eighteen names, Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Texas muster two each. Kentucky, however, has three. How strange that the Commonwealth that produces the longest men should also be prolific of the shortest names! As for A B C, Tenn., we rejoice to note this solitary and conspicuous instance of the perpetuation in the name of a community of a mighty people's allegiance to the pedagogy of the fathers, and its protest against the "word method" of those who don't know their a-b abs and their e-b ebs.

HUMMOCKS IN FAVOR.

First Applied by Pennsylvania to Check Speeding.

From the Albany Journal.

Construction of hummocks in roads traveled by automobilists to prevent reckless speeding, which is an idea that was first applied by the Pennsylvania Railroad, may be adopted in other parts of the country.

The Pennsylvania found itself greatly hampered in the operation of its trains by automobilists who took dangerous chances in attempting to cross its tracks just ahead of moving trains. It became frequently necessary to reduce the speed of trains when automobiles were seen approaching a crossing at racing speed. Thus time was lost and schedules were disturbed.

Then it occurred to some one in the employ of the company to construct hummocks in roads crossing the tracks about thirty feet distant from the latter. They were made of earth, about two feet wide at the base, tapering, and about eight inches in height. While an automobile coming to one of these at moderate speed crosses it without unpleasant results to its occupants, one driven at high speed is sent up into the air and comes down with a jarring bump, discomforting to the the occupants and not beneficial to the mechanism. Automobilists soon all knew of those hummocks and their effects, and now they approach railroad crossings along the Pennsylvania's lines at moderate speed.

In Kansas City there is under consideration the question of adopting the hummock device to make the roadways in the parks and the boulevards safe from speeding automobilists.

Of course, the hummocks disfigure the roadways, and cause some inconvenience to innocent drivers and occupants of automobiles and vehicles, but accidents due to reckless driving have been so numerous that the creation of a lesser evil to abolish a greater one is seriously considered.

SHIPS' FIGUREHEAD LOSING ITS GLORY

Modern Ornaments Disappearing from Vessels.

WAR SHIPS TO BE DIVESTED

Originating Far Back in Prehistoric Time, Old-time Decorations of Clipper Ships Are No More—Only Two or Three, These by Saint-Gaudens, to Remain on War Ships.

All the sentiment, all the stirring lore of the sea that clusters around the figurehead cannot keep it from passing into the limbo of things that have been. It is a tradition of the past, and with things of the past it belongs. Slowly but inexorably it has been banished from the sea, until scarcely one ship in fifty carries one, writes Mary H. Northend in the Boston Transcript.

In totemic semblance of some wind or water spirit it perched on the prow of primeval man's rude dugout. It saw rise and fall of trireme Viking ship, Roman war galley, Spanish treasure galleon, and three-decker; it adorned the bow of whaler, merchantman, and man-of-war. Routed from its position in the merchant marine by the advance of a utilitarian spirit that regards nothing that is not a source of profit, it found an asylum in the United States navy, which still honors the traditions of the mighty past. Even there, however, it was not destined long to abide. As the ships of the world-circling Atlantic fleet passed into their war dress this summer the figureheads were unshipped and melted down. Grim, but serviceable, and above all tending toward invisibility, gray is to be the color of the squadrons hereafter, in peace and war. Gleaming like the shield of Ajax and serving as a target for the enemy, weighting the ship down like an extra gun, worth the price of a modest homestead, and costing three or four hundred dollars a year to keep bright and shipshape, the splendid bow-ornament is out of keeping with the battle conditions that have to be met to-day. The order has gone forth to clear away the top-hamper and to "stow everything"—even sentiment.

The splendid blazon which Saint Gaudens designed to grace the bow of Dewey's victorious Olympia, and which cost $12,200, will not, in all probability, be unshipped, as that cruiser is attached to the training squadron at Annapolis and may never see active service again. This figure is that of the Goddess of Victory, elaborately designed and cast in bronze with an elaborate background. That on the cruiser Cincinnati, given by its namesake city, is a copy of Saint Gaudens' design and cost $5,700. That of the New York, in form of the seal of the Empire State, was also costly, and a too peremptory doing away with these handsome gifts would be neither necessary nor graceful.

Object of Pride.

It is not with irreverent hands, however, that ships have been deprived of the bow-guardians which for ages have looked on tempest, wreck, and battle. Even by the lingering process of evolution the figurehead dies hard. Its place in the economy of the sea was as useful as it was honorable. An object of pride, affection, and of superstitious reverence, an indignity to it would have called down the wrath of both quarterdeck and forecastle. Both swore by it, and never a seadog but has felt the consolation of even a single additional shot in the all too empty locker of marine objurgations. But to speak irreverently of the figurehead! As well utter lightly the dread name of "Jimmy Square-foot" himself! Marryatt tells of a mutinous crew that was cowed by the captain's threat to paint the figurehead black.

Whether hacked out by village jack-of-all-trades in some obscure loft or wrought by some artist of repute commissioned by rich owners, the figurehead bore a close relation to the fortunes of the ship and its people. It proclaimed the identity of the craft, thereby antedating signal flag and code name. Standing up the foreign roadway, with the name on the stern concealed from view, the good ship revealed herself to the watchful agent to whom her rich cargo was consigned by the figurehead, recognized afar; or, as dismantled beyond recognition by the barely weathered Gulf Stream storm, she limped into the home harbor, the glimpse of the familiar sign beneath the bowsprit thrilled the old shipping town with the news of her return that brought youth and age, man, maid, and matron hurrying to the wharves. Not infrequently a battered figurehead, cast upon distant sands, told all that ever was known of the fate of the stout three-sticker that had stood down the bay, manned by the brave lads of the village.

Relic of Olden Days.

We can only speculate as to the process by which man evolved his first rough craft, but it is not a violent supposition that the first sailor's primitive imagination endowed his handiwork with the attributes of a living thing. That done, what more natural than that he should ornament it with the carved resemblance of the head of some creature, perhaps his own or that of his savage mate? The Malay Islander to-day paddles a war craft ornate with the furious visage of some mighty warrior, whose countenance alone is supposed to pierce the enemy's vitals with the chill of fear. The Chinese mariner still decks his junk with eyes one on either side of the bow.

The figurehead had still other duties to perform. If it could guard against misfortune, surely one made in the image of some powerful deity could bring good influences to bear upon the craft and cause favoring winds to sit in her sails.

The extent to which the figurehead has fallen into disuse is governed largely by national and racial influences. Few American ships carry such appurtenances today, although a considerable number of British ships still do. The Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes, descendants of the men who ravaged the coast of Europe in dragon ships, cling almost universally to this style of ornamentation. True searovers, the imagery of the old days means something to them. German, French, and Italian ship owners show a considerable tendency to cherish the traditions of the past. The figurehead is a memory in Bostor Harbor; in New York Harbor it is hardly that. A New York water-front reporter years ago examined fifty-six ships and found a solitary figurehead

If the quaint designs that once breasted gale and flying spindrift have lost favor

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